

## Sonnet 18 by nimiumcaelo

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Awkward Romance, Established Relationship, M/M, Shakespearean Sonnets

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-03-31

**Updated:** 2018-03-31

**Packaged:** 2022-04-21 15:33:24

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 473

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Everyone seems to think Shakespeare is lame. Everyone, that is, but a certain Will Byers.

Soooo Mike recites some poetry to his boyfriend.

## Sonnet 18

### Author's Note:

This should be obvious, but I don't own Shakespeare's 18th sonnet.

Mike scraped his fingernail along the ridge of his pencil. Their English teacher was going on about some poem – one of those cheesy ones – and Mike was struggling to keep from yawning.

He glanced over at Will. Surprisingly, his friend was actually paying attention. Will's eyes were glued on Ms. Calloway as she wrote out the stanzas and decoded their meanings.

Feeling slightly ashamed, Mike turned back to the blackboard. He scribbled down the poem without thinking much about it.

(If he thought about it he'd blush.)

> > > < < <

“Ugh, did you guys hear that shit?” Dustin asked as they all shuffled out to their lockers. He dropped to one knee in front of Lucas and started dramatically reciting. “Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou hast a lovely temperament.”

Lucas laughed and shoved at Dustin's shoulder. “Yeah, I know, right? What a bunch of crap.”

Mike chuckled too. He stole a glance at Will.

“It’s not ‘thou hast a lovely temperament,’” Will corrected. Lucas and Dustin paused and looked at him. “It’s ‘thou art more lovely and more temperate.’”

Dustin floundered for a moment. “Oh, well...close enough, I guess.”

> > > < < <

Mike and Will peeled away from Lucas and Dustin at the intersection before their houses.

“See you guys tomorrow!” they called over their shoulders.

Lucas waved. “See you!”

Mike and Will turned and pedaled on down the hill. They came up to Will’s cul-de-sac and Mike pulled in after him.

Will turned to him inquisitively. “See you tomorrow?” he asked. Usually Mike didn’t come home with him after school.

“Yeah, just – hang on.” Mike left his bike in front of the Byers’ driveway. “Come here for a second.”

He walked into the messy wooded area beside the house, Will following. They stopped and Mike looked around, then took a deep breath.

He took Will’s hand. “Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?” he began, smiling to cover his blush. “Thou art more lovely and more temperate. Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, and – um – summer’s lease has all too short a date. Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines, and often is the gold complexion dimmed.”

A small smile was creeping its way onto Will’s face.

“And every fair from fair sometime declines – by nature’s changing course untrimmed’... uh....”

Mike grinned sheepishly.

“But thy eternal summer,” Will prompted.

“Oh, yeah. ‘But thy eternal summer shall not fade, nor lose possession of that fair thou – owest. Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade, when in eternal lines to Time thou growest. So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,’” Mike declared softly, “so long lives this and this gives life to thee.”

Will smiled. “Well, aren’t you a romantic.” His cheeks were a deep pink.

“Only for you,” Mike said, then he kissed him.

**Author’s Note:**

Thanks for reading!

Man, it's been a while since I wrote byeler.

- M